

Generation Intermediate

Curry

Arts

Journal

1999

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Generation Intermediate <i>by Patrick Peterson</i>	3
Small World <i>by Mercedes Munson</i>	4
Rats <i>by Mike Adami, Mercedes Munson, & Matt Mahmet</i>	5
Untitled	
Untitled 2	
Never Will Untie <i>by T.L.</i>	6
Paranoid <i>by Mike Vetare</i>	7
Untitled <i>by Dave Butler</i>	9
History <i>by Patrick Peterson</i>	10
Untitled <i>by Dave Butler</i>	11
Revolution <i>by Dave Williams</i>	12
Untitled <i>by Anonymous</i>	13
Free <i>by Stacey Breuer</i>	14
Murder in the Moonlight <i>by Christian Ruelle</i>	15
My Story <i>by Amanda Pisano</i>	21
Untitled <i>by Dave Butler</i>	24
The Rose <i>by Christine Cruikshank</i>	26
The Man Inside the Gi <i>by Dawn Goodrich</i>	27

Table of Contents Continued

Sacred Cherubs	
Raven's Dream <i>by Jason Zobler</i>	28
Sadness Part 19 <i>by Venessa Munson</i>	29
Daffodil <i>by Anonymous</i>	30
No Regret	
Lost <i>by James Adams</i>	31
Chaos <i>by Patrick Person</i>	32
Untitled <i>by Erin Huyler</i>	34
Letter to a Parent <i>by Mercedes Munson</i>	36
The Bird	
Yesterday is a Memory <i>by Jennifer Edwards</i>	37
The Conqueror <i>by Mercedes Munson</i>	38
Can't Stop	
The Bus <i>by Rebecca Harper</i>	39
Forget <i>by Stacey Breuer</i>	40
Untitled <i>by Anonymous</i>	41
Masturbatory Actions Enticing the Smell of	
Kitty Litter <i>by David Hohn</i>	42
The Storm <i>by F. Michael Scott</i>	43
Acknowledgments	48

Generation Intermediate

Youth, aggravation, starvation, mastication
 self loathing others
 confusion,
 sexism, ageism, gender specific
 crying for attention, hurt, pain,
 invisible
 earthwaterwindfire
 nothing to gain.

Mutts of the sixties protests,
 seventies free love
 eighties me me me
 instant gratification
 and the nineties new age...

computers, internet, cyber,
 land,
 sex,
 talk,
 disaster.

Herbs, smoking, sniffing, pills, health
 negativity, positivity
 jobless field day.
 preoccupied, precarious, nothing anywhere.

experience, experience, experience

in jobs
 in love
 in life.


 the influences upon us.

by Patrick Peterson

Small World

As I sit here thinking to myself,
In a place that makes me forget,
I hear the voices of reason,
And I can be who I really am,
In my own world.

But as soon as the door opens,
A breeze of reality blows in.
My world is suppressed.
I only wish I could forget
The world outside the door
Of this small creation.

I can't ever remember why,
I came.
All I know is I'm happy here,

Alone

And able to play in my own mind.

by Mercedes Munson

Rats

The place in Hell,
Where souls taste bitter,
Where all end,
And light dies
Angels cry,
Where dusk becomes dawn
It is in all.
The dark, damp corners where rats wait,
Is it the end?
Or a new beginning?
Where angels fall...

by Mike Admi, Matt Mahmet, Mercedes Munson

untitled #1

girl above dream
we play beneath the moon
she is sincere beauty
essential angel
in a winter vision

by t.l.

never will untie

releasing one million butterflies within the depths of my soul
the winged vibrations rushing through my body
the happy tingles reaching towards the outside
where all I can do is sigh.....
my tongue is tied in so many knots
and there is only one
with the power to untie

by t.l.

untitled # 2

more savory than twilight are your rosebud lips
you crave the dawn in your world of darkness
your tears weave through the silence
this frantic girl shadowed in a dream
I fall from the burn of my senseless yearning

by t.l.

PARANOID

Journal #1 I know they're all against me. I just can't prove it yet. Who the hell do they think they are, the twisted back-stabbing bastards? I thought that at least my best friend in the world would help me, but she just sits there with this worried look on her face like I'm crazy or something. BITCH!!!!!!!!!! I can't even trust my own husband anymore. I think he's in on it too. He's never trusted me. Besides, if he didn't make me have those stupid kids, I wouldn't have quit my job and be doing this shit. It's not like I sell the stuff. I only use it. Why is everyone trying to catch me?

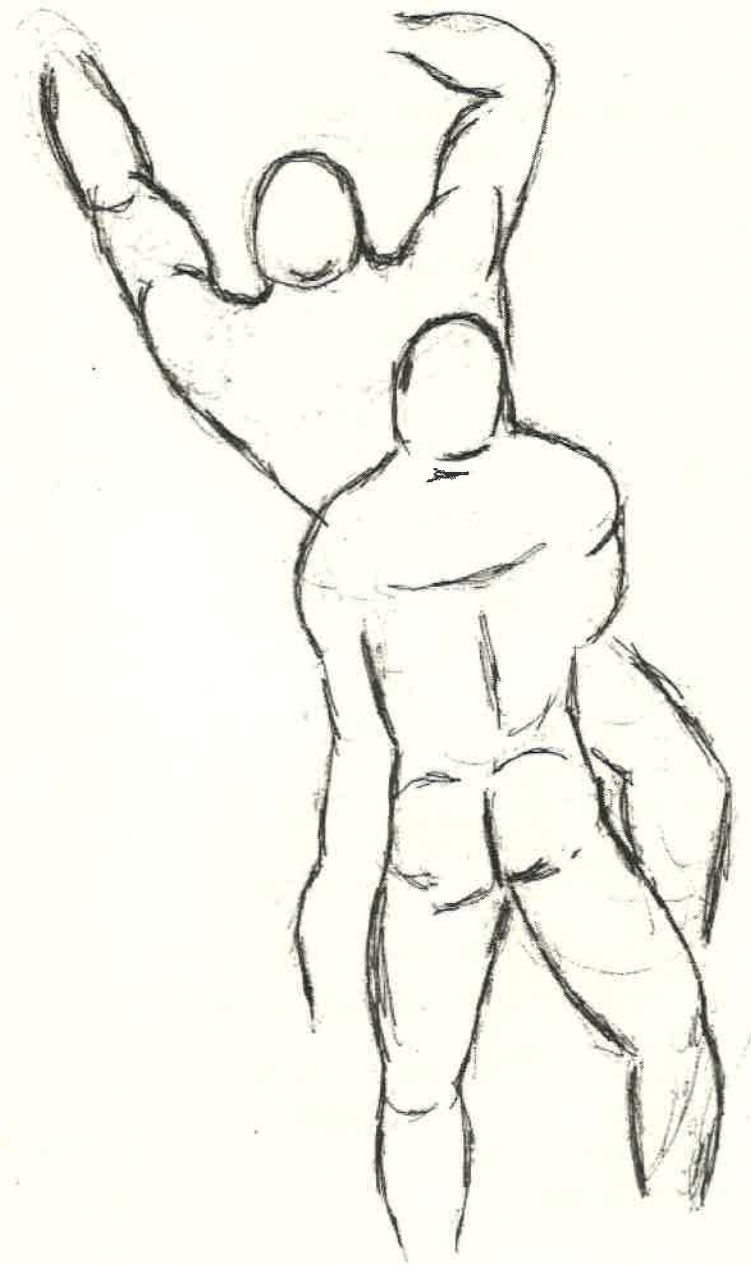
Journal #2 I went to Carolyne's house today. I asked her about the repairman and if she new anything. She looked at me with her stupid smirk on her face. Like the bitch didn't believe me? Fuck Her! I know what's going on. I'm not stupid. I went to high school with this girl. Why doesn't she believe me? Maybe she's been in on it since then. Even her brother told me that it was impossible for all this to be happening and that it was the drugs. Screw him, like he's one to talk. The guy's a junkie himself and I warned him to watch out. They could be watching him too. He just laughed. Dick.

Journal #3 An exterminator came over today. He said that my husband called in about mice in the attic. Yeah right, I thought, but I'll play along. So I let him in. He looked like a real blue collar guy with his ass crack showing and all, but there was something I didn't trust about his face. It looked like he knew something. I showed him where the attic was and then I watched him check out the place. He said that I should leave because he was going to spray. I didn't want to leave. It's my fuckin house but I was crashin and needed a bump, so I went to my room. I sat in the corner where no one could see me curled up in a little ball and took a blast. I heard that fat fuck walking around upstairs. *What's he doing?* I walked to the attic entrance and knocked on the door. He said not to come in. I wondered why. The bastard was probably installing cameras to watch me. I wasn't about to have that. I burst through the door, grabbed him and his so called "equipment" and told him to get the fuck out. He called me a crazy bitch and left. He was just pissed 'cause I caught him.

Journal #4 My husband came up to me today asking what happened with that exterminator. I told him that I knew what he was up to, but he wouldn't admit it. He actually asked what was wrong with me. I looked at him and could tell the bastard was trying to cover his sorry ass. "Don't try and lie to me," I said. He then told me that he had talked to Carolyn and her brother. They told him that I was on Crystal, and that I kept going over there and telling them that I thought that there were people in the T.V. watching me. That's ridiculous. I told him people can't fit in a T.V. "But there are cameras watching me through the T.V. and don't try and tell me I'm wrong because I know you're in on it too," I said. "Listen, I really think that you need some help," he said, but I knew he was trying to get rid of me. He thinks that I'm stupid, but I'm not and I'll prove it.

Journal #5 Tonight the kids were watching T.V. I was sitting there and the cartoons began talking to me. "They're all against you Fitz. You'd better prove to yourself and to everyone else that you're not crazy." PROVE IT. PROVE IT! The Rugrats kept chanting, "PROVE IT, PROVE IT, PROVE IT!" I got frustrated and told the kids to turn off the damn T.V. They wouldn't, so I stood up. My husband asked what I was doing and I told him, "proving you wrong." I picked up the marble statue that we bought on our honeymoon in Mexico and threw it as hard as I could at the T.V. and with a loud pop the T.V. shattered. I stood there waiting for the smoke to clear. My husband held the kids, who were crying and screaming. I ran up to the T.V. and looked inside. Nothing, just wires and glass. I ran my hands into the T.V., desperately looking for the camera, but found nothing. When I took my hands out of the T.V. I was bleeding like crazy. My husband ran to me and I broke down crying, screaming "You bastard, why are you doing this to me, why me?"

by Mike Vetare



by Dave Butler

History

Staring at strangers
the rush of blood pounding the drums
making us deaf,
Kaluaha pouring automatically down my throat
being released into the mouth of my body.

Looking at the nakedness of the future
while feeling the sting of the cigarette as it melts my skin
and the beat pounds on...
eavesdropping on conversations
in the clubs of our mind
staring at the statues that mimic our everyday
motions of relief.

The hum of the needle
designing the past onto my ass
giving me new ideas of exploration.

Gay men picking up straight women on a bet
while husbands cruise into the men's room
and cop a feel of the women
or the best imitations of...

Dancing in flashing lights with ABBA continuing the
sensations of sexual promiscuity.
Feeling everyone while dashing to the room
where people piss out their asses because of too much use
and sex is a quick thing
to relieve the hard ons we are all carrying in our minds.

Falling into bed with the feelings of boys and girls
competing over the same person.
Sleep molesting me into traveling with it
into the forbidden lives.
and forgotten dreams.

by Patrick Peterson



by Dave Butler

Revolution

The quaint quarrels over the withering ways
The children display their rebellious ways
 over the hills and far away
there's a revolution growing day to day.

A love has been growing from within
It affects all the places the children have been
 From California to New York
 bare foot children dance in the park
 over the hills and far away
there's a revolution growing day to day.

Draft, war, civil rights
 police brutality and fist fights
County torn between right and wrong
A President in power for way too long
 over the hills and far away
there's a revolution growing from day to day

Haight Ashbury to Central Park
 everybody is doing their part
No matter where you are you can start a spark
 Just as long as Love is in your heart
 over the hills and far away
There's a revolution growing day to day

by Dave Williams



by Anonymous

Free

I fell
you fell
I could not get up
it took time
it took courage
it took friends
realization
I could not see
I was blind
friends made me see
I am bigger
stronger
wiser
I am
I am me again
I am free of you
the pain is still there
but being pushed away by
a new love

by Stacey Breuer

Murder In The Moonlight

There is a chill in the night air that makes me pause and remember the murders of last year. The city was in terror, and it's officials dumbfounded. Only I knew the identity of the assassin, and yet I could tell no one.

I am inspector Philippe Leroux, 15-year veteran of the Parisian police force. I had seen many murders. A city of Paris's size affords you the ghastly privilege. But never had I seen anything like this.

"Who is she Couillet?" My partner, Joseph Couillet, was in the process of finishing a cup of warm coffee when I asked him that question. He did not answer me. I stopped short of the covered body, and stared at the blood trail leading up the Boulevard St. Michael. When I lifted up the blanket covering the body, I saw that her dress was soaked with blood.

"Her name is Veronica Anderlures." Couillet finally said. "She hasn't been dead long. She had been at a social party at the Hotel De Ville. A pity that a woman so lovely must die so badly eh?"

I had heard of Veronica Anderlures. A darling of Parisian Society. There had been scandalous rumors concerning her and Louis Bonaparte. As I knelt beside her body, my mind raced with possible motives for her murder.

"Couillet. I see no wound. If this is a murder, what caused the bleeding?" Couillet, knelt beside me and held the lantern above Made-moiselle Anderlures face. "Look at her neck," he instructed. I looked and stammered in shock. There were two bloody puncture wounds on the side of her neck.

Couillet and I followed the blood trail up Boulevard St. Michael, into the Latin Quarter. The crimson streak stopped at the corner of the Rue Soufflot. "Couillet. Bring the constables up here. It seems that we will be waking up some people." As Couillet grumbled down the boulevard, I noticed a glimmering object on the cobblestones. On closer inspection, the object was a golden crucifix. When I heard the approaching footsteps of Couillet and the constables, I quickly tucked the crucifix into my coat pocket.

"May I help you gentlemen?"

"Perhaps you can. I am Inspector Leroux. This is Inspector Couillet. There has been a murder outside the quarter. May we come in?" The butler reluctantly let us in the town house. We were escorted into the waiting room.

"Is the owner at home?" Couillet asked.

"Eh? Oh..oh yes. He's asleep however. If you'll wait here, I'll get him for you."

Couillet and I didn't have time to get comfortable. We heard the gentleman of the house descending the staircase. He stood in the doorway and stared at us for a moment. "Good evening Senors."

I heard Couillet grumble at the man's Spanish accent. I took the initiative and shook his hand. "Good evening monsieur. I am Inspector Leroux. This is my partner Inspector Couillet. We are sorry to wake you at this hour, but there has been a murder outside the Quarter."

"You did not wake me Inspector. What is this about a murder?"

"Your name first," Couillet demanded.

The man gave Couillet a cold look and straightened his posture. "Raphael Cartagena," he said.

"Monsieur Cartagena," I said. "A woman named Veronica Anderlures was the victim. Did you know the mademoiselle?"

"Veronica is dead? Oh..oh no!" Cartagena slumped into a chair and buried his head in his hands. "So she was here?" Couillet asked. "Yes," Cartagena muttered.

"We...we both went to the...affair at the Hotel De Ville. When it was over...I took her to my home."

"What happened then?" I asked. Cartagena glanced up at me and closed his eyes. "We had tea. When she decided to leave, my butler Lyon showed her to the door."

And you didn't see her leave?"

"No, I went upstairs to my study."

"You heard nothing outside?"

"No, If I had, I would have ran outside to her aid...I loved her."

We finished questioning Cartagena and walked back to the murder scene. "Seems like the Spaniard has a solid alibi," Couillet

said. I stopped and took the crucifix from out of my pocket. I stared at the town house for a moment, and turned to catch up with my partner.

For two nights the police were a clandestine presence in the quarter. We were moments away from dawn, and I was waging a losing battle with sleep when we were notified about another victim.

"A cab driver found her half an hour ago," Couillet told me. "At least this one isn't as gruesome as the last."

The woman was a prostitute. She was lying on the sidewalk, staring at the sky. Like Mademoiselle Anderlures, she had two small puncture wounds on her neck. As Couillet said, there was no blood at the scene. "Boulevard De Port Royal," I said. "Not very far from the last one."

"We better solve this fast," Couillet grumbled. "If we don't, I'll either lose my mind or my job." I was about to answer my cynical partner when the rays of the morning sun hit my back. The sun reminded me of the crucifix, and I walked to Raphael Cartagena's house. "Were are you going?" Couillet shouted. "You just stay here," I ordered.

"Oh, inspector. Can I help you?" I brushed passed Lyon and peered into the first floor rooms. "Is Monsieur Cartagena home?" Lyon rubbed his hands and stammered. "No. He...he has left Paris for a few days. He is mourning Mademoiselle Anderlures." I walked up to Lyon and looked him straight in the eyes. "When will he be back?"

Lyon couldn't hold the stare. "In a few days." I nodded at the butler with contempt. "When he does come back, tell him I want to talk with him."

That afternoon I went to the Institute de France. There was a professor on the faculty who specialized in folklore. If anyone had information on my theory, I prayed he was the man.

"Professor George Goujon?" The old man turned from his desk.

"Yes monsieur. Can I be of any assistance?"

"I truly hope so. Professor this won't be easy to explain, but I am investigating the bizarre murders plaguing Paris. You may think I am mad, but I suspect that the murderer is a..."

"Vampire?" The professor said. My eyes lit up with his statement. I shrugged and sat in a chair.

"Yes...that's what I believe." The professor rose from his chair and took an old book from the shelf. "I have read the newspaper inspector. If the description is accurate, the wounds could only have come from the undead."

"Do you have any information that could be of any help?"

Professor Goujon held the book as if it were a relic. "This book inspector has the answers to your questions."

"What am I dealing with specifically?"

The professor sat down and skimmed the book. "A vampire must drink blood in order to survive. They sleep in coffins layered with the soil of their homeland. Vampires function at night; their strength is doubled. They can move with lightning speed, and glide through the air. Vampires do not cast reflections in mirrors."

I leaned back in the chair and thought about the professor's statement. "What hurts vampires? What kills them?"

Again, the professor skimmed through his book. "Vampires will burst into flames when exposed to sunlight. Decapitation is a common method, silver is deadly as well. Vampires are repulsed by crosses, and garlic. A wooden stake through the heart is the surest way to kill them."

"All right. Anything else?"

"The truly powerful ones can transform into bats, and wolves."

I rose from my chair and scratched my forehead. "Bats, wolves, garlic," I muttered.

"Do not take the undead lightly inspector. The undead are extremely dangerous. Twenty years ago two companions and I hunted down a vampire in Prussia. I alone survived."

I placed my kepi on my head and shoot the professor's hand. "I take nothing lightly professor. Thank you for your help."

That night I sneaked into the Latin Quarter. I carried an old duffel bag containing an axe, stake, hammer, lantern, and matches. An American Colt revolver was on my hip, and Mademoiselle Anderlure's crucifix was around my neck. When Cartagena's town house came into view, my heart sank with the thought that another woman might die tonight. "There will be no more victims." I thought. "One way or another, no more."

I loudly pounded on the door, and I heard Lyon turning the knob. I burst inside and pistol-whipped him. After tying him up, I

locked him inside the cellar. I searched the upstairs rooms, and when I entered the master bedroom, I saw nothing peculiar. On a hunch I peered underneath the bed and saw it...the coffin. Dragging it out into full view, I raised the lid and saw the thin layer of earth the professor mentioned. I turned the coffin over, spilling the soil onto the carpet. I took the axe and chopped the coffin to bits. Glaring at my watch, I saw there was only one hour till sunrise. I went into the hallway and crouched in the corner.

Twenty minutes later I heard the door open, followed by footsteps echoing downstairs. A loud voice announced "Lyon! Where are you? Incompetent fool!" I heard the vampire walking up the stairs, and again he called out Lyon's name. He was now standing in the hallway. I leapt up and pointed my revolver at him. "Do not move!"

Cartagena turned and faced me. He looked as if he was glad to see me. "Inspector. Haven't I answered all your questions?"

"Shut up. I know what you are."

The vampire smiled, and I saw his fangs. "Tell me. How did you find out."

"For one, you and your butler's stories about your nighttime habits did not match. Second, the mademoiselle's crucifix was found in the street. You didn't know she was wearing a crucifix when you attacked her eh?"

Cartagena nodded in agreement. "There is much I have to learn. I've only been immortal for eighty years."

I took a step forward, my revolver still on him. "No more victims monster. This night you claimed your last victim."

Cartagena stretched his arms out to his side, and I saw his fingernails sprout out. "You've come on a fool's errand." He growled. His eyes turned red and he took a step towards me. That's when I fired.

The bullet hit him in the right shoulder. He fell back and howled in pain. He was bleeding and looked at me in shock. "Silver bullets," I said coldly. As Cartagena got set to charge, I emptied my last four rounds into his heart. The vampire fell dead...this time forever.

I went back into his room and retrieved the axe. With one swing I decapitated him. I placed his head in the duffel bag with the rest of my tools. Before I went downstairs, I tore down all the curtains,

leaving his body to burn in the approaching sunlight.

"What happened to my master?" Lyon cried as I untied him.

Your master is dead Lyon. If you don't believe me, take a look at the ash pile upstairs."

"You bastard! What have you done? He would have made me immortal!"

I pointed the revolver at Lyon's face. It shut him up immediately. "Your master killed three women. You aided him and you deserve to die. But I won't kill you. You better leave Paris and never tell a soul about what has happened here. The butler slowly walked to the door and burst into tears.

I went to the Seine River and threw the duffel bag into it. Naturally, the killings stopped and the public soon forgot.

But I'll never forget it. These cold nights help me remember when I saw Mademoiselle Anderlures and the rest, lying dead and discarded.

by Christian Ruelle

My Story

The pain felt like a knife ripping through my body. At seventeen, I had never experienced pain like this before. Many thoughts ran through my mind as I laid in a fetal position on my bed. I put my head on my pillow and watched the clock as it turned 5:12am. Tears ran down my face and began to saturate my pillow. Reality was setting in. "I'm pregnant," I told myself. I think that was the first time I had actually said it out loud. I had been having contractions since the night before around 6:00pm. When they started, I wasn't sure what was going on inside me. In the beginning it was just uncomfortable. As the night went on, the uncomfortable became painful. The pain soon became frequent and I became scared. I am afraid; I don't know what to do. This shouldn't be happening to me. The pain was becoming excruciating. I started to walk around in hopes that the pain would slow down. What is going to happen to me? How was I suppose to tell my parents not only was I pregnant, but in labor? All these thoughts were rambling on inside my head. What had I been thinking over the past nine months? I had been telling myself I wasn't pregnant. I convinced myself that I wasn't. Jesus Christ, why does it hurt so bad? I wanted it to stop. I wanted to wake up from this nightmare I was having.

I made my way down the hall to my parents' door. I knew as soon as I told them, there would be no turning back. But the pain was almost constant and unbearable now. When I tapped my mother on the shoulder, she rolled over and looked up at me. I began to speak the words no mother of a seventeen-year-old wants to hear. I felt her heart break. I knew I had just crushed all the dreams my parents had for me. My mother spoke only two words: "Oh Amanda." The ride to the hospital seemed endless. The only sounds in the car were my cries of pain and terror. I didn't know what was going to happen to me. I had never known such terror before; it was all so frightening. I was not prepared for what was ahead of me.

The ER doctor examined me. "She is fully dilated," he yelled to the nurse. "The baby is breached. Bring her to the OR." Those words rang in my ears. As I was rolled into the operating room, I could see my parents in the distance. They were further and further away from me. In that moment, I realized that I now was saying good-bye to the

happy and protected life I once lived with my parents. My life was no longer one of an adolescent traveling through her teen years. I was now an adolescent skipping those years and jumping into adulthood and into a position I didn't think I could fulfill. I began to reflect on my life. I was a good kid for the most part. I had a good family. This kind of stuff just wasn't supposed to happen to me. Then it hit me. I am just a kid. I was now going to have a kid, when I was just one myself. This wasn't the way my life was supposed to go. I am a senior! I want to go to my prom. I want to graduate from high school. I don't want to be a mother. I can't, it just doesn't fit into my life right now. This isn't happening to me! I wanted to go to college and get married, and eventually have kids, but not like this, not now.

As I lay in the cold operating room, I was drowsy, but still awake. I had contemplated these thoughts in my head. There was no more pain at this point. There was no more of anything. I was numb, on the inside as well as the outside. I didn't know what I was supposed to be feeling. Most women are happy to be bringing a new life into this world. I was scared to bring a baby into this world. I dozed off to sleep. I was awakened by a nurse. "Dear, you have a boy," she whispered in my ear. I didn't have the energy to smile. I knew I should have been happy, but I was not. The nurse placed the baby in my arms and I began to cry. She said, "why are you crying?" I looked up at her and said, "I can't be a mom." "But you are, this is your son." I couldn't say anything else; all I could do was cry. The nurse put her arm around me and said, "I am sure everything will be OK."

I looked at my son as I held him in my arms for the first time. All I could do was look at him. He stared up at me with his small dark eyes. This was it. I was a mother. There was no going back; there was no hiding it. This is when I realized my childhood had been taken away and I was thrown full force into adulthood. Then I took a good look at myself and said, "I have no one to blame but myself." As I held my baby in my arms I knew that I was now responsible for someone else's life. I couldn't depend on my parents anymore. I had someone depending on me. For nine months inside my body I provided the air he needed to breathe, the food he needed to grow. I was still responsible for those things but also something else. He needed the unconditional love only a mother can give. I watched my son fall asleep in my arms.

He was safe there. I laid him down and watched as he slept.

I rolled over in bed and realized who I was now. I was no longer that teenager who could depend on everyone else when I made a mistake. There was no room for mistakes anymore. "I am a mother." I repeated that to myself over and over. That scared me. I kept hoping it would sink in. I had no life. My life was his life. My choices from here on in would not just affect my life, they would also affect his. Every choice I made, I would need to think of my son first. I couldn't sleep, there was too much on my mind I needed to put in order.

How was I going to finish high school? I knew without my high school education there was no college. Without college, there was no life for my son and me. I needed to finish high school. I also needed to continue working, to provide for my son financially. God, there was so much I didn't think of. Somewhere between school and work there had to be time for my son. He needed me to be a good mother. Could I do that? I looked over at my newborn son asleep and thought, was I going to be strong enough for all of this? I couldn't answer that question at that time.

It has been five years from that moment and Nicholas is five. I am a college senior. I guess I can answer that question now. I was strong enough. There were times I didn't think I would make it. There were times I fell and it took a long time for me to get back up. I had inspiration though: my son. I want to give him the life my parents were able to give me. I am this strong because of my parents. I know my son will be strong because of me. I have done most of the things I had set out to do. I graduated high school with honors, and I have almost made it through college. My life has not been one of a normal young adult. I don't party much. I don't travel much. I work plenty and my free time is quality time for my son and me. As I look back my experience is what made me the strong independent woman I am today. Without my son, my life would be different. It would be almost normal. I don't think I would have wanted normal. I look at my son every night while he is sleeping and I still see an infant asleep next to me in the hospital. My thoughts are different now. I know I am strong enough. I know there are many more years ahead of me and many more obstacles to overcome. But I don't have that fear anymore. I know I can overcome whatever comes my way. I know because, I am a mother now.



by Dave Butler

The Rose

As I thought about my love
My heart began to stir
So I stopped at the corner store
To buy a rose for her
I stepped into the doorway
And saw but one rose, fair
I smelled its gentle perfume
That lingered in the air
And as I bent to take it
A child ventured near
He came a little closer
Then whispered in my ear
“Please mister, could you help me?
I need this rose, you see
I know I shouldn’t ask you,
And it’s very rude of me”
“Could I please buy this rose, sir?
I know there are no more
But I hear mommy cry at night
Since my daddy went to war”
Tears were flowing heavy now,
Both down his cheeks, and mine
I placed it in his little hands
And how his eyes did shine!
He went to pay the owner
Then skipped out through the door
And called over his shoulder
“She won’t be sad no more!”
A smile spread across my face
As a thought occurred to me
And I took out the photo
She’d sent across the sea
Although the snap was yellowed
And I only had but one
There was no mistake about it
That child was my son!

by Christine Cruikshank

THE MAN INSIDE THE GI

As his Grandma pressed
the clean white cotton,
she marvelled at the paradox
of how his gi had changed . . .

When he was small, a lower belt,
his gi was starched;
it helped the gi snap-crackle-pop,
especially when he performed
at tournaments.

But now, at barely age 15,
he’d earned the rank of Black Belt
(and his Grandma loved to spell
his rank, SHODAN, to all her friends).
Now,
the Black Belt teen said clearly,
very clearly,
that his gi no longer needed starch.
And when she asked him why,
he said, “It’s better
when opponents think my gi
is soft & smooth;
it’s better to let them underestimate
the man inside the gi.”

Indeed, he’d always sparred
with that ferocity
of one whose humble smile
(and introductory bow)
has lulled opponents into an early confidence,
for which he made them pay.

Now his gi has gone the way
of his tricky subtle smile --
the softness an illusion,
an invitation...

by Dawn Goodrich (First published by: PEGASUS)

Sacred Cherubs

Sacred cherubs dancing to the song of the moonlight
Gently risen dreams come to life
Truth like copulative invocations are experienced for the first time
Young breast scarred with passion
Standing at the crossroads of time
Coming to an age of reason
You're in a realm of innocence
Keep your eyes closed and enjoy the show
WAIT!
I want to hear the angel song just one more time

by Jason Zabler

Raven's Dream

The sun sets the souls arise
The spirit of the raven begins to fly
He watches over us with his golden eyes
He seeks death and feeds on pain
While watching all the people of this world go insane
Will you dine with me?
Come and ride with me on my black wings

by Jason Zabler

Sadness Part 19

My heart is so heavy.
I'm losing a friend.
Talk to me!
You seem so far away.
Come Back.

I should have put up iron walls,
so no one can get in,
and I can't get out.

Talk to me!
I will not hurt you.
Really.
My heart is so heavy.
I'm crying inside.
Can't you see that?
Open your eyes and See!
Stop, stop, crying me.
I can't stop.
I'm screaming inside.
I tried to ignore them, but they will not go away.
I should have put a wall up.
Maybe then my heart would not be so heavy.

by Vanessa Munson



by Anonymous

No Regret

The feeling of freedom.
A time when you are in control.
There are no restrictions,
no ropes
you are free to do
what you please. You can walk along the beach
and look and stare with no
regret!

This is the time in our
lives, to live that freedom.
A time when no regret is expected.
Life is too short to miss out on things.
Live each stage in your life as it should
be lived.
A NO REGRET LIFE!

by Jason Abrams

Lost

a lost feeling,
running in all directions, having
no destination, wondering what will
happen next.
What am I going to do?
Where am I going to go?
A feeling of stability
that I don't have.
Maybe nothing is stable.
Flexibility is growth.
Still lost.

by Jason Abrams

Chaos

We've all got problems
but I'm not one of those
bleeding heart
lend me your shoulder
wanna be poets...
I used to be.

We all cry, listen, scream for
attention and out of pain
and beat the walls until our knuckles bleed,
but does anyone else really care?
Do you?

What makes you think, think
think others care what you look like,
wanna hear about your
whiny sob story about your boyfriend's
broken willy because his ex was a closet
lesbian?

Or how your best friend can't find a job,
as if she's really looking.
Tough, we're all fighting for
the same two positions
in a field of amateur professionals.

All striking while the bosses pants are down
yet acting like we care, care,
care about the political agenda
that yes,
even I have seemed to find something
to write about.

You, me, we'll see
who's different when one comes out on top
and bottom, bottom
bottom out from the top position
versatile...up and down

crash
and
burn

Through the skin, scalding the soul
that hide in our shells from one life
to the next, improving their
scars until we are just numb-
Heard it before? yes
not sure? no
heard it before? - Don't answer.

Let it bleed, like the scab that sits on your knee
of that 12 year old memory.

We'll see, we'll see
who where what and how
when is the question-----

The truth hides like the fractal intentions of our
insults, sarcasm, and abusive language
that we spit from our toothless mouths like our
computer geek and homeless ancestors.

Always asking for more
never getting enough
never thinking before we speak
never being a hypocrite
never following the tour.
never
Guilty. *by Patrick Peterson*

Untitled

The lights were dimmed and the room was warm and cozy. As I carefully lit the twelve candles, my face became flush with heat and my mind began to wander back to another twelfth birthday so many years before.

It was a Saturday morning, and most kids my age were either sleeping, watching cartoons, or helping their parents clean the house.

It was my twelfth birthday. Mom was still in bed. I didn't really care because if she were up she wouldn't have remembered it was my birthday anyway, and certainly wouldn't agree with the adventure I had cut out for myself. I jumped out of bed, took a quick shower, and threw a magazine, some playing cards, and all the change from my piggy bank into my knapsack.

I always imagined going into the city. I always loved trains, but in my house the city was forbidden. Mom used to say there were dirty people and illegal drugs all over the place. I tried to explain to her that all I really wanted was to ride the train, but she thought that was an absurd idea.

Except one year I bugged her so much she finally said, "When you're twelve, you can ride to Grand Central Station. As long as you come right back. Don't get any big ideas; I'm not coming with you. You know how I feel about the city." Although she forbade me to actually go into the city, I could at least take a ride on the train.

That morning was no different than any other. There was a note on the table to clean up the kitchen. I put away the bottle of white powdery stuff and emptied the roaches left over in the ash tray.

I had heard a lot about drugs in school. I used to tell Mom she was going to die if she didn't stop, but she would just send me to my room, or tell me that they were drugs prescribed by her doctor. After I cleaned up the kitchen, I grabbed my knapsack and walked to the station.

It was the same walk I took with Dad when I was really young. He told me that some day that we would ride on the train and go to the city with Mom. He promised we would go as a family and they would take me to F.A.O. Schwarz.

Dad disappeared when I was six, and Mom always said he'd never come back for us. I really thought that some day he would, but I couldn't wait. I needed to ride the train then. Dad sent us money once a month, never a letter, just money. I'd run out to the mailbox every month, and snag twenty dollars for groceries before Mom got to it. She never gave me enough money to go food shopping and would get really angry when I'd come home without enough food for the two of us.

When I arrived at the crowded train station, people brushed up against me from all sides. "Excuse me, I'm sorry," I kept saying. The high rise train came to a halting stop, and the rush of the crowd swept me into the nearest car. If I sat I would have been exposed to the layers of dirt and grime on the seats; however, as I stood I felt the sweat from the two men I was crushed between. My heart pounded with anticipation. I was excited but terrified at the same time. I buried myself in a small corner of the train watching people exit and enter the train. No one was smiling.

"Dad?" Brian asked.

All of a sudden I remember feeling this urge to just...

"Dad..." Brian insisted.

But I was really sick of taking care of her...

"Dad, the wax is dripping!"

"What?" I asked distracted.

"Can I blow out my candles now? The wax is starting to drip."

"Of course," I answered, smiling gently. Realizing then that it was time to stop holding the past from my son. Tomorrow I will tell Brian everything.

by Erin Huyler

Letter to a Parent

I sit here,
Not knowing my future,
Feeling the darkening walls of confusion encompass me.
One thing is certain:
To be free.
Choose what I need,
Or desire.

Do you know what you're doing?
I feel nothing,
But everything.
You think you help with flattery.
You don't!

My life now
Is mine.
The future is unclear,
But it's mine
I try to make you understand.
You can't.
You have given me the knowledge.
Hear me now.

I will not give in to the darkness around me.
I'll be who I am.
Follow my path,
Not yours.
Trust
My values and beliefs.
Believe you have done your best.
Let 'em go.

by Mercedes Munson

The Bird

He sits attentive
On the long bare branch.
His beady eyes glaring
As I watch from my window.

Does he see me?

Random chirps come from afar
As he responds with a chirp of his own.
Suddenly gone, he swoops away
To a destination yet unknown.

What are they saying?

by Jennifer Edwards

Yesterday is a Memory

To say good-bye to yesterday,
you must dream about tomorrow,
and use the waters of the future,
to drown away your sorrow.
For the past will never live again.
Only memories exist;
you can never buy back your yesterday,
no matter how hard you wish.

by Jennifer Edwards

The Conqueror

What do you want?

The Conqueror wins the battle of the heart & soul
After you broke down the iron walls
And saw what you saw
Trust, pain, honesty & found passion
While destroying a woman.

What did you need or want?

Your conquest of this fortress
While leaving it in rubble
Was it the battle you lusted?
It wasn't me.

You found and lost a woman
Once broken now changed
Into a goddess warrior

by Mercedes Munson

Can't Stop

I can't forget the pain and the hurt.

So long now,
who started it I forget.

Only two,
feels like decades gone by.

They say he was wrong.

Now I feel wrong.

Doing the same with another.

I know what I do hurts.

Do it anyway.

Can't help it.

What to do?

What to do?

Can't stop.

Everything's the same.

Only the who has changed.

by Rebecca Harper

The Bus

My escape was the bus.

When I boarded it,

I felt free.

Once again I was no longer
who he made me to be.

I'll run from him until
one of us dies.

He chases me even when
he does not chase me.

But on the bus I am safe,
I can be free.

by Rebecca Harper

Forget

You caused pain
you had no clue
no clue.....till
there was no you.
I see you when I see bad
you took my soul away
you took my life
my love
my heart
I feel pain
when I feel
you took me
you stole my trust
my trust in him
I love him
I hate you
I want to be well
he is helping
you, I will forget
I will forget.

by Stacey Breuer



by Anonymous

Me and my meatball killed the cat
Elleia is a sexual deviant.
Her cat is my dog, and sense does not exist.
you wish you were pure but you're just like us.
don't feel free when you're really not?
A flower not planted in porcelain pot.

too slow to catch, and make the KILL
and if you swallow what rhymes with that
and you're blurred vision is put to the test
can't help you now so pour the wine
you saved it so long it's turned sour
if you don't drink it now you will be lost forever
and what you thought was freedom was
only a sponge-like state
And you soaked up the love and your source turned black
this never would have happened
if you killed the cat.

ASK ME A QUESTION?

i'm askin the damn questions- get it straight?!

by David Hohn

As he heard the keys jingling in the door's keyhole, Sean slowly lifted his head to behold his escort. He was very weak from all the blood he had lost during the long periods of torture he had undergone. He had no concept of time, and his vision was blurred. As the door opened, light flooded the room in a blinding rush. Sean did not move; he only squinted his already swollen eyes.

"Get up, American."

Sean ignored the order issued to him by the invisible figure standing in the hall outside of his cold cell.

"I said to get up, American!"

The voice had now moved into the cell and the echo of the order caused Sean to flinch; nevertheless, he remained seated in the corner.

"He must be hard of hearing," said another voice from the hall.

"Well, we'll just have to clean his filthy American ears for him then."

Sean felt hands fall on him from all directions. He was overwhelmed by punches and kicks. The taste of new blood flooded his mouth and his nose was bleeding again. He blindly reached out into the chaos which was once his quiet cell. He caught the grip of one of their shirts. The soldier easily freed himself and proceeded to beat Sean with his handgun. Finally, they ceased what seemed to be perpetual pounding. Sean was now floating somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness. As bad as this beating was, it seemed to be little more than a message to Sean; it could not be compared to the torture sessions that he had been enduring throughout the last six weeks. At this point, Sean realized that these soldiers had come to bring him to yet another torture session. "Well," thought Sean. "They're going to have to kill me this time."

"He suddenly sprang to his feet, as if awakened out of a deep sleep. Though his body was weak, his heart was on fire.

"So, are you ready to come with us now, American?" Asked one of the men as he struggled to catch his breath. They were tired from all the beatings they had given to the prisoners that morning.

"No," Sean replied in a weak voice. "I was hoping that you boys would get the hell out of my way so that I could leave this hell hole. What do ya say, huh?"

The soldiers then broke into a great laughter. Sean's swollen eyes were becoming more adapted to the overwhelming light pouring into the cell. He could hear their laughter clearly and noticed that there was either a woman or a young man among them. This enraged Sean more than the laughter itself did. He reached toward the smallest of the three shadows standing around him. This was where the girlish laughter originated from. He held fast and the boy's laughter ceased. He then swung and connected with a vicious left. The boy fell limp and Sean continued to pound him. The other two men began to smash the butts of their guns on the back of his head and neck. Now Sean and the boy lay sleeping side by side like brothers.

"Wake up, boy. We have more work to do."

The soldiers began to shake the boy.

"Wake up, boy. We got work to tend to."

Sean was halfway dreaming. He could hear his father's deep voice.

"Wake up, boy. We got work to tend to."

"But I'm so tired, Pa. Can't we do it later?"

"Don't sass me boy, wake up now. A storm is a brewin and we got work to tend to."

Sean opened his eyes. He could see clearly now. Though his eyes were nearly swollen shut, he saw that the soldiers were still trying to wake the boy. They didn't see that he had awakened. They didn't notice him reach for the boy's gun. Most importantly, they did not see the inner strength that he possessed. By the time they noticed him holding the gun, it was too late. There was a moment of silence broken by thunderous gunfire. The two men fell dead; one twitching in a pool of his own blood. Sean then turned to the sleeping boy on the cold cement floor. He looked so peaceful. Sean couldn't remember the last peaceful sleep he had gotten.

"Sleep well, boy," he said as he lowered the barrel of the gun to the boy's face. He pulled the trigger and the bullet dove deep into the back of the boy's skull. For a moment, Sean stood mindlessly in his open doorway. His sore eyes scanning his bloody cell. For the last six

weeks he had been telling himself that he would not die in this place. After the first torture session, however, he had stopped believing himself. Now, for the first time in a long time, Sean began believing again. He would make the soldiers know that he was no coward. He would not just lie down and die within the walls of this unholy place. He briefly glanced down at his wounded body. He was naked and his flesh was severely lashed by whips and knives. His nose and fingers were broken and he was missing his two front teeth. A gust of wind gently closed his cell door and he began undressing one of the three dead soldiers. The clothes were bloody but then again so was his naked flesh. Once dressed, he began to drink from a half-full canteen that the dead boy had on his person. This helped his mind to think even more clearly. It felt as if he had hidden his personality somewhere deep in the back of his head. It was important to him that they did not know who he was and what he held dear. He would not beg them to let him live to see his unborn child take it's first breath. He would not beg them for a moment to confess his sins before they pulled the trigger. He was fully aware that they would never grant him anything that he begged for. He had learned that much during the torture sessions. With that thought, he began praying while arming himself with the dead men's weapons. "Lord, forgive me for the sins that I've committed in my life; I know they are many. Lord, I am about to face my enemies and my final hour is upon me. I know that I will never see another sunrise but please help me die with honor. Guide me out of this unrighteous place as you guided the Israelites out of Egypt. Give me strength in my final hours as you did for Samson. Lord, I am about to stain my soul even more in a moment. Please, I'm begging you GOD; please don't damn me for this. Please!"

He began to sob and fell to his knees.

"Please, heavenly father. I'm begging you!"

At this point Sean bent over as if to worship some unseen idol. He closed his eyes and sat there in silence for what seemed an eternity.

"Wake up. We've got work to do."

"Pa?!" Sean replied with his forehead still pressed to the floor.

"We've got work to tend to. There's a storm a brewin'."

"But Pa, I'm so tired and..."

"Don't sass me boy. Get up, now. A storm's a brewin'!"

Sean lifted his head from the cold cement and slowly opened his eyes. "I am the storm, Pa," he whispered.

He then ascended from the floor and turned to the door. He was holding a fully loaded and cocked nine millimeter handgun in each hand and a tech-nine hung from his shoulder. In a blind rage he kicked open his cracked cell door. The storm had begun. The clouds had absorbed more than enough moisture for ten storms. Lightning had already struck the three corpses in the cell behind him. Now it was time for the prison to hear his thunder. He stormed down the broad corridor. It seemed endless. When one of the guards saw the blood on Sean's uniform, he approached him with a look of concern. Before the man could say a word, Sean shot him in the face. Immediately, all of the others on duty rushed toward him.

"Are you all right? What happened here?!"

Sean raised his guns and began firing at random into the small crowd of soldiers. Three men fell; the others spread out and drew their guns.

"Who is that lunatic?!" One of the men asked while returning gunfire.

"I am the storm!!" Sean bellowed as he continued firing rounds. Two more men fell but were not dead. One of them cried "It is an American in disguise." The wounded soldier then began firing his gun from the floor and struck Sean in his side. The bullet tore clean through his back. This didn't stop him from continuing to empty his guns. The men dispersed to the opposite end of the corridor. They were not getting paid enough for this carnage. Sean then bent down to take a set of keys from one of the dying men whom he had shot. He was barely conscious.

"You're going to die in this prison, American," he whispered weakly.

"So are you," Sean replied with a smirk.

The soldier then attempted to choke him but couldn't find the strength. Sean broke his grip and left him to die slowly. He began to walk very quickly toward the iron door at the end of the hall. When he finally reached it, he dropped the two guns in his sore hands and began trying out the keys. His broken fingers did not make his task easy. After a few tries he luckily found the appropriate key. His hands were shaking from all the gunfire, and he was bleeding beneath his left arm from his gun wound. He then dropped the keys and gripped his aching hand onto the tech-nine hanging from his shoulder. The prison alarm sounded

in vain. He quickly opened the huge door and stepped into the warm morning air. A breeze intimately kissed his hot forehead. Despite the ruckus coming from the hall behind him, Sean was calm. He knew that he would never be put to death within the unholy walls behind him. He calmly walked toward the prison gate. The sound of a beastly dog followed closely behind him but he did not look back. Suddenly, Sean heard the boom of a rifle and his right knee gave out. They weren't shooting to kill. They wanted him alive. The sound of the dog was now directly behind him. A powerful Pitbull jaw clamped down on his ankle and began twisting back and forth. Sean gave a loud moan but then focused on the approaching soldiers. He then shot the dog a few times but it was of no use. Its jaw was locked in a death-grip. He was trapped. He turned his gun on the approaching men and began relentlessly firing. His hands so tired that it became difficult for him to continue shooting. If he stopped shooting, they would take him back to Hell. He couldn't run with his bleeding leg and the dead dog was still locked onto his ankle. He spat a bloody wad at the approaching men and arrogantly extended his broken middle finger to them. He then placed the gun barrel into the gap where his two front teeth used to be. He closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. It was the kiss of death. Sean could finally get a good rest. His work was finished. No one would wake him. The storm was over.

by F. Michael Scott

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Many thanks go out to everyone who helped this edition of the ARTS Journal happen. (There was a while when we were not sure it would.) But now that it is complete, we have many appreciations to hand out. So without further ado...

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